

# Good Morning 284

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

**DICK GORDON**  
Presents  
**STAGE SCREEN**  
and **STUDIO**

**STUDENTS** crowded a University of Southern California classroom recently to begin lessons in Chinese. A "co-ed" stepped up to a personable, smiling young man and said, "Oh, are you going to be our instructor?"

"No," replied Keye Luke, "I'm one of the students."

"But you are Chinese!"

"Yes, by ancestry; and I just happened to have been born in Canton while my folks were visiting there, so I thought it time for me to learn Mandarin—China's national dialect—if I'm ever going to!"

The screen's leading Chinese actor and artist is also an outstanding scholar and thinker. His viewpoints on drama, art, literature, architecture and economics are international in scope. He is in demand as a lecturer and expert on Chinese art.

Keye is the only one of the five Luke children to be born in China. In the United States since he was four months old, Keye is Chinese mostly through his intense scholarship. Naturally, he speaks his parents' language, Cantonese, but he also understands French and Spanish.

A meticulous, outstanding artist, who has exhibited with honours both in Europe and America, his extraordinary talent was acquired when, as he says, "I soaked up art principles among the great art objects in my father's store in Seattle."

A commercial artist after his father died, Keye drifted to studio publicity departments. It was inevitable he should be tested for Chinese parts. He quickly became noted as Charlie Chan's Americanised son.

Now under contract to M.-G.-M., "The Good Earth," "The Painted Veil," "Salute to the Marines," and the "Dr. Gillespie" stories are among his films.

**HOT** news from ENSA concerns National Fire Service entertainers, who spend off-duty hours jumping through hoops for the three senior services.

The artists are all professionals, now serving in the N.F.S. They have broadcast on four occasions and made two films.

There are fourteen in the party, including Cecil Newberry, featured pianist of the "Monday Night at Eight" broadcast series; Martin Cluth, an operatic singer who has broadcast with Carroll Gibbons in the Diversion Shows; and June Elvin, a pretty blonde "croonette," who is a telephone operator in the N.F.S.

There is a six-piece band in the show, plenty of comedy, singing and dancing. One of the features is a tableau in mime, called "Democracy," in which the United Nations are represented, and Bernard Verrey gives a lifelike impression of Winston Churchill.



**JUNE ELVIN**

**YOU** may have something to say about this. If you have, then please be explicit and name the gals or the shows you have in mind.

In refuting the old jibe about "superannuated" ENSA chorus girls—a jibe which was recently resuscitated—Basil Dean recently referred to statistical investigations which had been made.

They showed—without any shadow of doubt—that the average age of the girls was the modest one of 21 years. Moreover, they are carefully selected, not only for their ability, but for their general charm and suitability.

**PRETTY** Ivor Novello obviously wrote "Arc de Triomphe," for Ivor Novello and Peter Graves doesn't appeal even to brown hatters, though in all this Phoenix Theatre show is quite pleasing.

Shandy Elizabeth Welch was the big drummer for this critic; her give me all you've got voice and slinky body saves the show from looking like a small town Civil Defence effort. Until she tells about "Josie" in the second act it is difficult to see what's what, because it's all vague and slow. But Liz is



**ELIZABETH WELCH**

noisy, and she gets things cracking and everything turns out much better than you would think.

The costumes are the most elaborate, and the settings the most picturesque of any current capital show.

Mary Ellis deserves and gets a big hand, because she is still giving pit conscription age boys what she gave their parents, and because as Joan of Arc she is saintly.

If your evening meal isn't booked until about nine you could do a lot worse than sitting this through.

**HAVE** you ever thought of the romance that surrounds most of the enduring musical favourites? There's always music in a song, and, almost as often, a story of love, drama, patriotism, suffering.

After rejection by every publisher to whom the composer submitted what was destined to be one of the really big favourites of World War I, it was finally put away, but was later resurrected on the off-chance of its going down well at a Sunday League concert.

It was encored four times. Within a week "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was sweeping Britain. In a month the whole Empire was singing it.

Alonzo Elliott had Napoleon's retreat from Moscow in mind when he wrote "There's a Long, Long Trail." At first nobody wanted it, but while buying a piano for his room at Cambridge University he tested the instruments with this composition. The piano dealer persuaded a music publisher to buy it, and before the war was over it had sold 4,000,000 copies.

## A GOOD CATCH.

About the greatest favourite of all was "Tipperary," the work of Jack Judge.

For 25 years Judge had been a fish salesman, but between-times he had taught himself to write music, and so well did this chance shot of his catch on that it had to be translated into several languages, including German and Japanese.

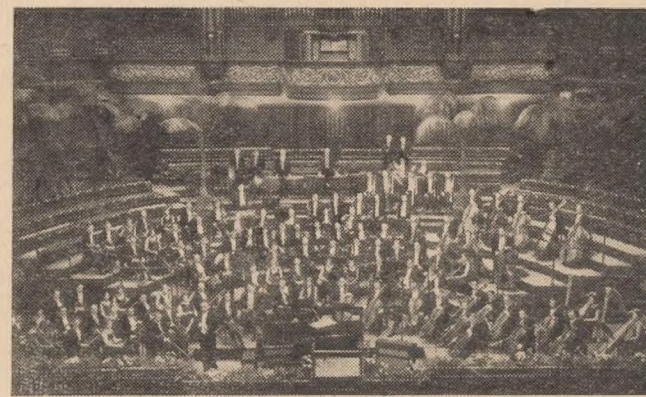
French peasants thought it was the British national anthem.

"Home, Sweet Home," one of the most popular of English ballads, was written by a composer who never had a home. Brahms, author of the world's most beautiful cradle song, was a lonely bachelor.

Hadrian, pagan Roman emperor, zealous persecutor of Christians, inspired with his death-bed words a Christian hymn.

The classic Hymn of Hate came, naturally enough, from Germany, composed by Ernst Lissauer, German-Jewish poet and pacifist.

Lissauer had never been to



England, knew no English, and though he was mild and retiring, his "Gott Strafe England" instantly hoisted him out of obscurity.

He was decorated by the Kaiser, but when the Nazis came to power, as a Jew he thought it safer to flee the country that had honoured him, and he died in Austria about seven years ago.

Franz Schubert, born and wedded to music in the world's great city of music, Vienna, wrote more than 600 melodies in his short lifetime. Music poured out of him in a stream. Perhaps that was why he was so shy.

## A SONG FOR HER.

When he fell in love with one of his pupils, he was far too retiring to ask her hand in marriage. Instead, he transposed his feelings to music, meaning to sing the refrain—the exquisite "Blossom Time"—to his beloved when he was in the mood.

The mood never came. His shyness won, and he asked a friend to sing the song for him. But the girl fell in love with the singer, and Schubert sat down and wrote his beautiful "Serenade."

Then, still poor, and more to me, my love, on the wings of lonely than ever, he slowly of light . . . there was, he

descended through despondency to death at 31.

Music ran for years and years in the Bach family—eleven generations, which included 29 music masters as well as many musical geniuses. The gifted John Sebastian once wrote a whole piece for no other purpose than to support an argument.

Accused by his wife of an over-fondness for coffee, J.S.B. dashed off a cantata extolling his beloved beverage.

If Bach's weakness was coffee, Rossini's, it appears, was the more solid one of food.

Though he wrote beautiful work between them, his protracted meals occupied so much of his time that his operatic agent used to confine him to his room, extracting so many pages of opera between each course.

A very different story from that of Handel, who wrote the most famous and lengthy oratorio, "The Messiah," in 24 days.

Lauritz Melchior, famous Wagnerian tenor, when a young student, was sitting in his garden learning a new opera.

## OUT OF THE SKY.

As he sang the words, "Come to me, my love, on the wings of love . . . there was, he

relates, a flutter, a flash of white, and there, sitting at his feet, was a beautiful little creature who had dropped right out of the blue.

It was Maria Hacker, an actress. She was stunting for a movie thriller, had leaped from an aeroplane, and landed, parachute and all, practically in his arms.

"I thought," said Melchior, "that she came from heaven. I still think so."

Most of us know the amazing story of Gilbert and Sullivan. How between them, though they disliked each other intensely, and seldom met, they contrived the biggest theatrical success of all time. Sullivan composed some fine serious melodies along with his comic operas. The stirring strains, for instance, of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

His melody for "The Lost Chord" came straight from his heart. He wrote down the notes which bubbled up, unbidden, as he sat by the bedside of his ailing brother.

Sullivan's musical sense was unique. Once he sallied forth with a friend to find a house of which he only dimly remembered the whereabouts.

Walking up to several buildings in turn, he gently kicked the boot-scrappers. "Ah!" he said at last, "listen—E flat. This is the house."

Nearly 200 people helped to write the new Soviet anthem. The three authors of the finished score received 100,000 roubles each.

And how music—popular music—has invaded the religious sphere! "Recently, with great reluctance," wrote the rector of Stoke in his parish magazine, "I gave permission for 'I'll Walk Beside You' and 'There's a Land of Begin Again' to be played at a funeral."

"A few months ago, at a wedding, an outside organist (who had my permission to play) suddenly burst forth with the song 'Her Name is Mary,' which happened to be the bride's name."

## The £.S.D. OF IT COINS

**THE** Royal Mint made 355,000,000 coins in 1942. This was a record. The need for this additional number of coins arose through the vast number of additional people paid wages, through more odd prices caused by purchase tax and controls, and probably to a certain degree through the destruction and loss of coins in the "blitz."

Even in normal times a vast number of coins are lost.

**AN** M.-G.-M. studio flash says that Marlene Dietrich will wear forty-five pounds of tiny golden chains—and little else—in one of her dances in "Kismet," starring Ronald Colman.

As the unusual costume must fit snugly, emphasising the liteness called for in the dance, her form dimensions were carefully taken, to the smallest fraction of an inch.

"This is going to be tighter than my skin!" Dietrich remarked, noticing the tightly drawn tape measurements.

"How so?" asked Irene, Metro's executive designer.

"Well," said Dietrich, "I can sit down in my skin—but I don't believe I can sit down in this costume!"

Many millions of coppers have disappeared from circulation in the last twenty years.

Some are possibly hoarded—people are particularly fond of saving farthings. But many lie in drawers and money-boxes.

Before the war, millions of pennies were locked up in automatic machines.

One famous pier and amusement park alone had £400 worth always in use. They became so worn through constant use that eventually they would not work the machines!

The Mint did a considerable business before the war making coins for other countries.

Head of the Mint as "Master and Worker" is the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The actual work is done by a Deputy Master and Comptroller, who is paid about £1,700 for making millions of pounds! There is also a technical superintendent, who is a scientist and engineer, and receives about £1,200.

The Mint itself cost £250,000 to set up just over 130 years ago.

There are now 23,000,000,000 copper coins in circulation. Actually, there are no real coppers. Pennies, halfpennies and farthings have been of bronze for eighty years.

Nor is our "silver" made of silver. The alloy contains only a small proportion of silver.

We went off the silver standard after the First Great War, when the price of silver rose so rapidly that a shilling might have contained more than 1s. worth of silver, and would, therefore, have paid for melting down. The nickel threepenny-piece is not made of nickel, but of brass with one per cent. nickel added.

## THINK THESE OVER

Your little hands were made to take  
The better things and leave  
The worse ones;  
They also may be used to shake  
The massive paws of elder persons.  
Hilaire Belloc,  
To a Bad Child.

You shouldn't say it is not good.  
You should say you don't like it; and then, you know, you're perfectly safe.  
Whistler.

Let us all be happy, and live within our means, even if we have to borrow the money to do it with.  
Artemus Ward.

Ah, don't say that you agree with me. When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong.  
Oscar Wilde.

The way to ensure summer in England is to have it framed and glazed in a comfortable room.  
Horace Walpole.

There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about.  
Oscar Wilde.

'Tis virtue, and not birth, that makes us noble; Great actions speak great minds, and such should govern.  
Beaumont and Fletcher.

I would prefer being the author of that poem (Gray's Elegy) to the glory of beating the French to-morrow.  
General James Wolfe  
(1727-1759).

I don't care a twopenny damn what becomes of the ashes of Napoleon Buona-parto.  
The Duke of Wellington.

"I'm a Norfan, both sides," he would explain, with the air of one who had seen trouble.  
H. G. Wells's "Kipps."

No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency.  
Theodore Roosevelt.

Labour to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.  
George Washington.

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1



# QUIZ for today

1. A gean is a young donkey, dance step, Scotch pudding, glass bead, fruit, flower?
2. Who wrote (a) Something About Eve, (b) Eve's Diary?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Churchill, Asquith, Eden, Ramsay MacDonald, Lloyd George, Gladstone?
4. What does "i.e." stand for?
5. What game did Sir Francis Drake play?
6. Who was Elia?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Megrim, Meretricious, Meritorious, Merciless, Manliness, Multitudinus?
8. How much can you see of a new moon?
9. Who was Queen Elizabeth's mother?
10. To what islands was Napoleon banished—in order?
11. Whose neck was like a swan?
12. Name four Apostles whose names begin with J.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 283

1. Royal Mint.
2. (a) H. Ainsworth, (b) H. M. Tomlinson.
3. Horse does not chew the cud; others do.
4. Chess.
5. Noel Gay.
6. Eight.
7. Marmoset, Miscreant.
8. (a) Tennis, (b) Cricket.
9. Clementine.
10. Ewe.
11. Excalibur.
12. Shakespeare, Shelley, Southey, Swinburne, etc.

A sonnet is a moment's monument—  
Memorial from the Soul's eternity  
To one dead deathless hour.  
Christina Rossetti.

I do think better of  
womenkind than to suppose  
they care whether Mister  
John Keats five feet high  
likes them or not.  
Keats.



"Ow far can we go on this bus, chum?"

## JANE



# Continuing: The Mysterious Sketch 'SMILE FROZE MY BLOOD'

By Emile Erckmann

THE surprising way in which Van Spreckdal had appeared to me threw me into a deep wonderment. "Yesterday," I said to myself, as I contemplated the pile of ducats glittering in the sun, "yesterday I formed the wicked intention of cutting my throat, all for the want of a few miserable florins, and now to-day Fortune has showered them from the clouds.

"Indeed, it was fortunate that I did not open my razor; and if the same temptation ever comes to me again, I will take care to wait until the morrow."

After making these judicious reflections I sat down to finish the sketch; four strokes of the pencil and it would be finished.

Mr. Painter, that you have no money?"

And his hooked fingers advanced with that nervous trembling that the sight of gold always produces in a miser.

For a few seconds I was stupefied.

The memory of all the indignities that this individual had inflicted upon me, his covetous look and his impudent smile exasperated me.

With a single bound I caught hold of him and pushed him from the room, slamming the door in his face.

This was done with the crack and rapidity of a spring snuff-box.

But from outside the old

userer screamed like an eagle: "My money, you thief, my money!"

The lodgers came out of their rooms, asking, "What is the matter? What has happened?"

I opened the door suddenly and quickly gave Mister Rap a kick in the spine that sent him rolling down more than twenty steps.

"That's what's the matter!" I cried, quite beside myself. Then I shut the door and bolted it, while bursts of laughter from the neighbours greeted Mister Rap in the passage.

I was satisfied with myself; I rubbed my hands together. This adventure had put new life into me; I resumed my work, and was about to finish the sketch when I heard an unusual noise.

## TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



## WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 283: Cylinders.

But here an incomprehensible difficulty awaited me.

It was impossible for me to make those four sweeps of the pencil; I had lost the thread of my inspiration, and the mysterious personage no longer stood out in my brain.

I tried in vain to evoke him, to sketch him, and to recover him; he no longer accorded with the surroundings than with a figure by Raphael in a Teniers inn-kitchen.

I broke out into a profuse perspiration.

At this moment Rap opened the door without knocking, according to his praiseworthy custom. His eyes fell upon my pile of ducats, and in a shrill voice he cried:

"Eh! eh! so I catch you. Will you still persist in telling me,

## WANGLING WORDS—239

1. Put an African animal in CINE and get a spring flower.
2. Rearrange the letters of HAG WON'T SIN and get an American State.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: RATS into WEEK, DEER into HUNT, HOUR into DAYS, SHOW into LEGS.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MISMANAGEMENT?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 238

1. ADAM-ANT.
2. BUCHAREST.
3. YORK, CORK, CORE, COTE, CITE, CITY, FROG, FLOG, CLOG, CLOT, COOT, COST, LOST, LIST, FIST, FISH, GIVE, LIVE, LINE, PINE, PINT, PENT, LENT, LEND, LEAN, LEAD, LEND, LAND, LANE, LAME, LAMB.
4. Cash, Sash, Mean, Name, Stem, Nest, Test, Sent, Seam, Team, Mate, Item, Time, Mire, Mess, Mass, Miss, Mist, Mash, Sham, Chin, etc.
- State, Chase, Chain, Cheat, Teach, Haste, Heats, Chant, Tease, Seats, Chest, Shame, These, Sheet, Steam, Meats, Mates, Teams, etc.

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.									
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11					12		13		
14				15		16			
17			18		19				
		20		21			22		23
24	25				26	27			
28				29	30				
			31			32		33	
34	35				36		37		
38					39		40		
41					42				

- 6 Range.
- 11 Originator.
- 13 Rodent.
- 14 Bird.
- 15 Compassionate.
- 17 Cut with scissors.
- 19 Sound of waves.
- 20 Kingdom.
- 22 Vehicle.
- 24 Correct.
- 26 Process stage.
- 28 Incline.
- 29 Stone worker.
- 31 Dance.
- 32 Javelin.
- 34 Guided.
- 37 Naught.
- 38 Bad.
- 39 Expatiate.
- 41 Unimportant.
- 42 Problem.

TASK PATHAN  
ALTER NIECE  
PLANE SPARE  
POT PAW RED  
EYES MELTS  
T INURE D  
MARES GATE  
FOR TEA SIA  
ALOFT STINT  
CAMEL HODGE  
TRADER PEER

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Cricketer.
- 2 Downfall.
- 3 Dressed.
- 4 What.
- 5 Drench.
- 7 Break edge of.
- 8 Lout.
- 9 Blackthorn.
- 11 Fish.
- 12 Little stream.
- 16 Plugs.
- 18 Animal enclosure.
- 21 Acknowledge.
- 22 Fruit.
- 23 Colonist.
- 25 Productive of action.
- 27 Portable trough.
- 30 Old.
- 31 Jerk.
- 33 Ceremony.
- 34 Go.
- 35 Kindled.
- 36 Bathe.
- 40 Look.

windows below, with their shining panes, their flower-pots, their bird-cages, and their gratings.

Lower, the balcony; still lower, the street lamp; still lower again, the sign of the "Red Cask," framed in iron-work; and, finally, three glittering bayonets, only awaiting my fall to run me through the body from the sole of my foot to the crown of my head.

One cannot imagine to what clearness, intensity and rapidity the human eye acquires when stimulated by fear.

At the third summons I heard "Open, or we shall force it!" Seeing that flight was impossible, I staggered to the door and drew the bolt.

Two hands immediately fell upon my collar. A dumpy little man, smelling of wine, said, "I arrest you!"

He wore a bottle-green redingote, buttoned to the chin, and a stovepipe hat. He had large brown whiskers, rings on every finger, and was named Passauf.

He was the chief of police. Five bull-dogs with flat caps, noses like pistols, and lower jaws turning upward, observed me from outside.

"What do you want?" I asked Passauf.

"Come downstairs," he cried roughly, as he gave a sign to one of his men to seize me.

This man took hold of me, more dead than alive, while several other men turned my room upside-down. I went downstairs supported by the arms like a person in the last stages of consumption—with hair dishevelled and stumbling at every step.

They thrust me into a cab between two strong fellows, who charitably let me see the ends of their clubs, held to their wrists by a leather string—and then the carriage started off.

I heard behind us the feet of all the urchins of the town.

"What have I done?" I asked one of my keepers.

He looked at the other with a strange smile and said, "Hans—he asks what he has done!"

That smile froze my blood.

Soon a deep shadow enveloped the carriage; the horses' hoofs resounded under an archway. We were entering the Rapselhaus.

## TO-DAY'S LAUGH

Yard Foreman: "Excuse me, but are you the lady that was singing?"  
Lady: "Yes, it was me. Why?"

Yard Foreman: "Well, I wish you would wait till half-past five. My men keep running to the air-raid shelters."

"Cheerio, Joan. And thank you for the most enjoyable evening of my life."

"Oh, don't say that, Frank."

"But I do say that. I always say that."

All is not rose-coloured in this world; from the claws of Rap I fell into a dungeon, from which very few poor devils have a chance to escape.

Large dark courtyards and rows of windows like a hospital, and furnished with gratings; not a sprig of verdure, not a festoon of ivy; not even a weathercock in perspective—such was my new lodging. It was enough to make one tear his hair out by the roots.

The police officers, accompanied by the jailer, took me temporarily to a lock-up.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Anyone seen my bolster—the one with the lace border round it?"

The jailer, if I remember rightly, was named Kasper Schlüssel; with his gray, woolen cap, his pipe between his teeth, and his bunch of keys at his belt, he reminded me of the Owl-God of the Caribs.

He had the same golden yellow eyes, that see in the dark, a nose like a comma, and a neck that was sunk between the shoulders.

Schlüssel shut me up as calmly as one locks up his socks in a cupboard, while thinking of something else. As for me, I stood for more than ten minutes with my hands behind my back and my head bowed.

At the end of that time I made the following reflection: "When falling, Rap cried out 'I am assassinated,' but he did not say by whom. I will say it was my neighbour, the old merchant with the spectacles; he will be hanged in my place."

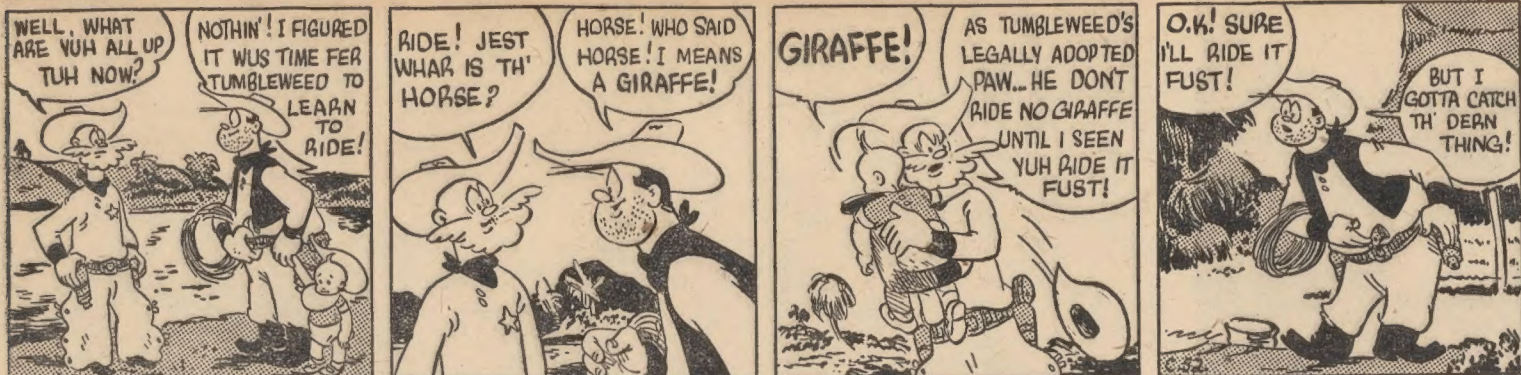
This idea comforted my heart and I drew a long breath.

Then I looked about my prison. It seemed to have been newly whitewashed, and the walls were bare of designs, except in one corner, where a gallows had been crudely sketched by my predecessor. The light was admitted through a bull's-eye about nine or ten feet from the floor; the furniture consisted of a bundle of straw and a tub.

I sat down upon the straw with my hands around my knees, in deep despondency. (To be continued)



# BEELZEBUB JONES



# BELINDA



# POPEYE



# RUUGLES



# GARTH



# JUST JAKE



# CLUBS AND THEIR PLAYERS

No. 25

By JOHN ALLEN

# GLASGOW RANGERS

IT is the ambition of every Scottish junior footballer—and there are thousands of them! to play in a Scottish cup-tie. So one can appreciate just how former Scottish schoolboy international, Bob McPhail, felt when he received a call to turn out for Airdrie in a cup-tie—his first appearance in Senior Soccer.

Young Bob played a wonderful game—and put himself on the road to fame. He reached his goal in more ways than one when he was transferred to Glasgow Rangers.

To Scots, two clubs have more glamour than all the others. They are the Rangers and their rivals, Celtic. And McPhail developed into one of the finest forwards ever to wear the Ibrox Park club's blue shirt.

Perhaps the most famous was wee Alan Morton, the outside-left, now a director of the club. Morton, off the field, in black coat and striped trousers, and carrying an umbrella, looked more like a prosperous business man than a footballer. But on the field...

Known as "the Wee Blue Devil," he is a memory to Scottish fans of past greatness. Altogether he played in thirty internationals, and won 92 honours!

One of their outstanding players just before the war was Dr. Jimmy Marshall. He joined the Rangers from a junior club, won all the game's honours, then crossed the Border, in exchange for a large fee, to don Arsenal's colours. But he did not fit in with the famous English club, joined West Ham, and settled comfortably when war came.

To-day, Rangers are Scotland's greatest power, because it is still the ambition of every youth to wear the team's colours. In the majority of cases the best talent is always available. Notice, Scottish fans, I say in the majority of cases, for I know that many ace internationals across the Border have been developed of late with other teams.

Like most of the other big clubs I have mentioned in this series, Glasgow Rangers had a humble beginning. It was in 1872 that four youngsters, chatting at a street corner in Glasgow, began to talk football.

Inspired by the deeds of Queen's Park, the famous amateur side, they decided to form their own club. Two lads wanted to call it Gareloch. The others Rangers. A coin was tossed—and Rangers became the title.

Funds were raised by a house-to-house collection, and they began to prosper. Eventually, after several moves, they settled in their present spacious enclosure at Ibrox Park. Of course, Glasgow Rangers' closest rivals are Celtic. What stirring matches have been witnessed between these fine teams!

In 1909, however, the two teams, meeting in a replayed cup final, had an experience neither would like repeated.

A terrifically thrilling game took place, and at the end of ninety minutes there was no score. There was some misunderstanding as to whether or not extra time should be played, and the spectators, very excited, began to riot.

In the riot over a hundred people were injured, pay-boxes were set on fire, and other damage caused. The Scottish F.A. withheld the Cup, and Queen's Park, whose ground had suffered, were awarded £800 damages.

It should be made clear, however, that the riot had nothing to do with either team, but was the result of the very great enthusiasm caused by the play of two super football teams.

# ODD QUOTES

'Tis not in mortals to command success,  
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it.  
Addison.

Charm... is a sort of bloom on a woman. If you have it, you don't need to have anything else; and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have.

Sir J. M. Barrie.

I maintain that though you would often in the fifteenth century have heard the snobbish Roman say, in a would-be off-hand tone, "I am dining with the Borgias to-night," no Roman ever was able to say "I dined last night with the Borgias."

Max Beerbohm.

Of Courtesy—it is much less  
Than courage of heart or holiness;  
Yet in my walks it seems to me  
That the Grace of God is in Courtesy.  
Hilaire Belloc.



# Good Morning

No, Woman!  
HEEL AND TOE!



BLACK EYES  
And they belong  
to Broadway  
Folies Bergere  
girl Tiigra



## *This England*

A beautiful example of  
sunlight and shadow in  
Cassiobury Park, Wat-  
ford, Herts.



### COMMUNITY FEEDING.

There's nothing like food for bringing folk together, and the same goes for birds, too. Did you ever see such a mixture? . . . might be anywhere. Might be . . . but could hardly be outside London, with that bunch of cocky sparrows right in front of the picture.



We always said it was "no use counting your CHICKENS before they are hatched." Why didn't someone tell her?

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"How eggs-asper-  
ating"

